

# Newport Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I., NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

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## The Newport Mercury,

PUBLISHED BY—

JOHN P. SANBORN,

272 Thames, Cor. Pelham St.,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1838, and is now in its thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well-selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Advertisements given free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

A PROCLAMATION.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN W. DAVIS, GOVERNOR.

WHEREAS, Certain amendments to the constitutional law of the State heretofore proposed by the General Assembly, and which require the action of the people, have been submitted to the electors of the State for their approval or rejection, within the present calendar year, to become operative, if duly approved, within and for the next calendar year; And, Whereas, Sundry appropriations for the support and administration of the laws have been exhausted, rendering immediate action of the General Assembly necessary;

Now, therefore, I, John W. Davis, Governor of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, pursuant to the provisions of section 7 of chapter VI of the constitution of the State, do hereby call the General Assembly to meet at the State House, in Providence, on Tuesday, November 15, A. D. 1887, at 11 o'clock A. M., to take such action as they may deem advisable in the premises.

And I do hereby call upon the members of the General Assembly to assemble in their respective chambers at the time and place aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be affixed, at Providence, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1887.

JOHN W. DAVIS, Governor.

EDWIN D. McGUIRE, Secretary of State.

By the Governor.

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By the Governor.

## The Will of the Late Seth Bateman.

As there have been several erroneous statements in regard to the provisions of Mr. Bateman's will, we give the following general outline of its principal features which can be relied on as substantially correct:

Mr. Bateman at the time of his death was the owner of five farms in the town of Tiverton, the most valuable of which he gave to his nephew, Wm. Sidney Bateman. It contains about 80 acres and is the north part of the homestead of his late honored father. The south part of said farm, which, with the "Dunfords" so called, comprise about 80 acres, he gives to the children of his nephew, Charles Potter, who is a son of his deceased sister, Mrs. Mary Potter. He gives to the children (with one exception) of his deceased sister, Mrs. Alice Almy, the farm known as the Isaac Almy farm; to his nephew William Hector Bateman, the farm on which his father, Wm. P. Bateman, lived; to Leonard Dodge, the farm known as the Grinnell farm; to Seth Bateman Weaver, his estate in Frank street in the city of Newport; to Seth Bateman Dodge, now residing in California, a lot of land containing about four acres, situated on Bateman's Point, and all his gas stock, amounting to 70 shares; to Joseph Lewis, the Willbur farm in Middletown; to his sister, Mrs. Jane Horton, four thousand dollars; to each of his nephews and nieces (with one exception) five hundred dollars; to each of his farm laborers, who had been in his employ six months at the time of his decease, fifty dollars; to each of his house servants, who had been in his employ six months at the time of his decease, twenty-five dollars; to Thomas Weaver, to his wife, and each of his children, five hundred dollars; and to the children of John Bull, deceased, five hundred dollars each.

The estate which Mr. Bateman resided at the time of his death, together with all the furniture in the house, horses, cattle, etc., and all farming utensils, are to be sold and whatever balance there may be after paying all charges, is to be divided among his nephews and nieces before mentioned. It is further decreed that any person attempting to contest the will shall receive nothing therefrom. The testator further gives and bequeaths to his friends, James C. Swan and Anthony S. Sherman, of Newport, as a token of his regard and as full compensation for services imposed on them as executors, the sum of ten thousand dollars each, and specifies that they shall not be required to give bonds.

The value of the estate has been considerably over-estimated, it having been placed as high as \$400,000. Estimating the real estate at the present market price of adjoining lands, \$200,000 is thought a fair valuation of the whole.

The Old Colony's Enterprise.

The lease of the Boston & Providence Railroad by the Old Colony line seems to give general satisfaction to all parties in any way interested in the two roads. The Old Colony is a progressive and well managed corporation. They keep abreast with the times in all improvements and they will doubtless put the Boston & Providence in better condition than ever before. This lease carries with it the management of the Providence, Warren and Bristol road and in the improvement of that line Newport will reap an indirect advantage. We may expect to see at an early day great improvement in the terminal facilities of this line in Providence. In all probability the trains from this city will in time run into the Union depot in our sister capital instead of stopping a mile or two from anywhere as they do now. We understand that it is also intended to run a portion, at least, of the Newport trains into the Providence depot in Boston which is a greatly improved stopping place to the present Old Colony station. The Old Colony people propose in the spring to put on a quick train between here and Boston which will make the time inside of two hours. There are many other improvements on foot by this company which will make the service second to none in the country.

Cheap Excursion to Boston.

An unusual opportunity to visit Boston at a very low rate will be presented to the citizens of Newport by the Old Colony Railroad on Wednesday, the 16th inst. The fare has been placed at \$1.05, including a ticket to the Mechanics' Fair. This rate is less than the price of a ticket one way. Tickets will be good to go on the 7.35 A. M. train and to return from Boston on the 6.00 P. M. train to Fall River and Steamer Bristol to Newport. The trip on the boat and the concert on board are alone worth the money. The number of tickets will be limited. Further particulars may be found in our advertising columns.

Most of the Newport members of the General Assembly do not seem to be at all anxious for the extra session of that body which is to convene next week. If they could have had their way, untrammelled by the party bosses, there would have been no extra session.

## THE AFRICAN CHURCH.

Its Centennial Appropriately Observed at Touro Chapel.

The centennial anniversary of the organization of the African Methodist Episcopal church has been appropriately observed during the past week at Touro Chapel in this city. The exercises opened Sunday morning when Rev. A. W. Upshaw, the pastor, preached an impressive discourse upon "The Times and Labors of Richard Allen," the first bishop of the African church. In the afternoon the Sunday school was briefly addressed, by different speakers, upon "Our Youth, the Hope of the Church," and the history of the church and of the life and labors of its first bishop were further discussed by the pastor. A poem, written for the occasion by Mr. C. H. West was also read by Miss Mathewson.

The evening exercises, which were conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. Mahlon Van Horne, pastor of the Union Congregational church, included an interesting talk upon "The Success of Methodism" by Mr. L. D. Davis of the Daily News.

The next meeting was held Monday evening, under the auspices of the People's Historical and Literary Association of the church, and as at the previous service, the church was well filled by an interested audience. Mr. Calvin Rice, president of the Association, presided and after a few appropriate remarks introduced Rev. J. A. L. Rich, pastor of the Marlboro' street M. E. church, who explained "The Relation of the Church to the Church" in a most comprehensive and interesting manner. Mr. Rich was followed by Mr. Geo. T. Downing upon the "Connectional History and Literary Association," and by Rev. Mr. Booth, of Kansas, who gave some interesting personal experiences in educational work in the West. The addresses were interspersed with excellent vocal and instrumental music and refreshments were served at the close.

Tuesday evening, after the usual devotional exercises, Rev. M. Van Horne delivered an interesting address upon "The Work of Our Ministers," saying, in brief, "It is a pleasing thing to celebrate the centennial of the beginning of a church work begun among a people who were so oppressed. The ministry among the colored people has been from the beginning a prominent feature in their prosperity. The preachers from the first, although not having had the advantages of an education, have been men of great moral character. The ministry of the African Methodist Episcopal Church has done more for its people than that of any other race, and no class of men stand on a level with them in their attempts to break the shackles of slavery. The colored people have been driven close to each other by the hardships which they have been obliged to endure, and the fact has added much strength to the colored ministry. So great was the respect for Bishop Richard Allen that the singers from miles around came to his funeral in Philadelphia and marched in the procession to the grave, singing as they went. They were followed by thousands of people sad at heart, who came to pay their last respects to their venerable leader. Much could be said of the prominent bishops and officers of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, but one hardly knows where to stop, so great is their number. The ministers of this wonderful church can but make an impression, as their number reaches upwards of 3000, while the membership is over 300,000." Mr. Joseph D. Nichols, Jr., followed Mr. Van Horne with an instructive paper giving "The Signs of Progress in the African Methodist Episcopal Church."

"Christianity, Its Evidence and Its Triumphs" was the subject of an interesting discourse Wednesday evening by Rev. H. N. Jeter, pastor of the Shiloh Baptist church, and Rev. W. B. Thomas, of Buffalo, a former pastor at Touro chapel, gave an outline of what had been accomplished by the church within the century. Rev. N. J. Greene of Providence also made brief remarks. An exceedingly interesting musical programme was rendered and refreshments were served.

Owing to the severe rain storm Thursday evening, there was but a small attendance at the chapel and the exercises arranged to take place at that time were postponed to last evening. The few who had braved the elements, however, had nothing to regret, as they were most pleasantly entertained with vocal and instrumental music.

The Mercury Almanac.

This interesting and valuable work for 1888 will be issued about December 1st and will be the finest work of the kind ever issued in this city. It will contain nearly seventy pages of choice matter and a large number of beautiful illustrations. The Mercury almanacs have come to be the standard thing in this section of the State, and they are treasured by a large number of our people as valuable works of art. As usual this almanac will be sent free to all prompt paying subscribers to the Mercury.

U. S. Fish Commission steamer Daisy has been in the harbor this week.

## Thursday's Sham Battle.

The sham battle which has been a leading subject of conversation in all circles for the past several weeks, was successfully fought to a finish on Thursday and the various manoeuvres were witnessed by thousands of interested spectators. The naval fleet, composed of the Richmond, Ossipee, Dolphin, Galena and Atlanta, sailed out to sea shortly after daybreak in full fighting order, and it was their attempt to return that gave the signal of battle. The Fort had been put on the defensive and as the top-masts of the cut-throatly approaching vessels appeared in sight a warm reception was in readiness for them. The first shot was fired from the flagship Richmond and it was quickly answered from the fort and a rapid interchange of shots followed in a most exciting manner. The entire fleet, succeeded in running the gauntlet, however—with the exception of the Ossipee which came in contact with and exploded one of the many torpedoes which had been set along the channel as an additional protection against the vessels' approach—and steamed up the bay to an anchorage off Coddingtown's Point, preparatory to the land attack.

The signal to "land the brigade" was given shortly after one o'clock and boats from the several vessels were quickly manned and formed in column open order. Thus the advance was made until abreast the place of landing when the boats closed up and, moving by left flank, proceeded to the beach under the protecting fire from the ships. The first landing, was on the extreme right, where the first landing had been made, and it was kept up until the several boats' crews had landed at the extreme left. The main landing force advanced slowly in skirmish line, meeting and returning the rapid fire of the blue jackets and the defence was finally driven back to the line of trees near the shore. This advance was continued and promised to sweep everything before it. But before it reached the line of defence it received a volley from the troops under cover which caused a halt and finally a retreat. The defence then assumed the offensive and with the aid of the light battery, which had left the fort immediately upon the naval fleet's successful passage through the channel, succeeded in driving the enemy back to their boats and thus brought to an end a most exciting contest.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Thursday evening in spite of the rain a good proportion of the members of the Association attended the monthly meeting. Forty-nine persons were elected to membership and thirty-five others were proposed. A new constitution adapted to the enlarged needs of the Association, was adopted. The gymnasium committee were authorized to fix up a gymnasium as soon as possible. Refreshments were served by a committee of ladies from the Central Baptist church, and much enjoyed.

Next Sunday begins the week of prayer as announced. In addition to services laid down in the programme printed last week, there will be a union meeting of all the churches and all persons at the United Congregational church, Spring street, corner Pelham, on Sunday at 4.30 P. M., lasting about an hour. An address on the growth of the Association idea as promoted by the international committee will be made by Mr. Chas. F. Taylor, of Providence, late president of that Association. It will be full of interesting information about associations and their wonderful progress. Other very brief exercises will be held and there will be music by the choir of the church.

During the next week there will be meetings every night at 8.45 to which young men are cordially invited.

Over three thousand associations will join in observing this week of prayer.

Mr. Robert W. Hammett, whose serious illness was chronicled in last week's Mercury, died on Sunday. Mr. Hammett was a young gentleman of genial habits and possessed of a wide circle of friends. He at one time carried on the gentlemen's furnishing goods business on Thames street, but during the past several years has been an architect, having an office with Mr. Dudley Newton on Bellevue avenue, and was very successful in his profession. He was the only son of John R. and Abby R. Hammett, and was born in this city Nov. 23d, 1855. He leaves a widow, the daughter of Mr. Stephen Goddard, but no children. His disease was consumption, from which he had been a great sufferer for many years.

The Old Colony road will make it cheaper to ride than to go afoot next Wednesday. On that day they offer to carry all Newport to Boston and bring them back for one dollar and sixty five cents, including admission into the great Mechanics' Fair. This is less than the price of a ticket one way to say nothing of the chance to visit the Fair, which is an exhibition well worth seeing. Everybody should avail themselves of this opportunity.

Capt. E. O. Matthews, U. S. N., has returned from Japan and is at present with his family in this city.

## The Literary Society Meeting.

The first regular meeting of the Literary Society connected with the United Congregational church was held Thursday evening at the parsonage. Notwithstanding the exceedingly stormy weather there was a fair sized audience present. The play for the evening was Merchant of Venice and the parts were taken by various members of the Society. After the reading, came refreshments which were thoroughly discussed by all present. The President of the Society, Rev. Mr. Emerson, then took the chair, and several new members were voted in, a constitution and by-laws adopted and other business transacted. The next meeting of the Society will be held Tuesday evening, November 20, at the residence of Dr. Samuel E. Greene on Mann avenue.

Hon. Edward T. DeBlois died at his home in Portsmouth on Monday last. Mr. DeBlois has long been one of the prominent citizens of that town. He has held many important offices and has represented his town in the General Assembly very ably and efficiently. He was a brother of the late Capt. John DeBlois of this city and they were both in their early days engaged in the whale fishing business where they laid the foundation of their fortunes. Later Mr. Edward DeBlois was interested in the local fishing business. He retired from business some years since. Mr. DeBlois was a member of Eureka Lodge A. F. and A. M. of Portsmouth, in which organization he has held many important stations. He was buried yesterday from the Methodist church. The services at the grave were by Eureka Lodge, Henry Anthony, Master. The deceased leaves a widow and one son.

Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland and his pictures of the Battle of Gettysburg received a hearty welcome at the Newport Opera House this week. Wednesday evening the house was filled to overflowing and the matinee and evening entertainments on Thursday were fairly attended. The pictures were excellent and the speaker's descriptions vivid. The audience was taken through the entire three days' battle, from the firing of the first gun to the finish. The entertainment was given under the auspices of C. E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., and the proceeds are to go to the soldiers and sailors memorial fund.

Col. G. Douglas Brewerton, formerly of this city, read an exceedingly interesting poem entitled "Argonaut Memories" at the annual celebration of the California pioneers at Camp Taylor, San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 28th. Col. Brewerton was one of the pioneers himself. He went to California in 1847, as a Lieutenant in Col. Stevenson's regiment New York volunteers and was soon after transferred to the First U. S. Regular Infantry. He remained there nearly a year and then was sent east with his regiment.

Daniel Austin will immediately enlarge his block on Franklin and Spring streets, by the addition of 60 feet more on the Franklin street front and 28 feet on the side so as to enlarge the meat market to keep pace with the increased business of Caswell & Austin.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President, has acknowledged the receipt of some handsome chrysanthemums from Col. Howard Smith of this city. Col. Smith has nearly three hundred varieties of this beautiful plant in his spacious greenhouses on Mt. Vernon street.

A slight fire was discovered among the dried leaves and straw under the piazza of Mrs. W. B. Rogers' cottage on Gibbs avenue Monday afternoon, but it was extinguished without the aid of the fire department.

At the meeting of British-Americans, to be held in Providence on the 19th instant, Roger Williams Lodge, Sons of St. George, of this city, will be represented by Messrs. Sharples, Openshaw, Moies, Smith and Taylor.

The marriage of Mr. Geo. S. Coe, a Newport boy, to Mary E. Bigelow, was celebrated at Englewood, N. J., on Saturday. Mr. Coe is President of the American Exchange National Bank of New York and one of the leading financiers of this country.

The regular monthly meeting of the Sanitary Protection Society was held at St. Luke's Dispensary Tuesday and several questions of sanitary interest were discussed.

The Hotchkiss Gun Company having purchased 1000 shares in the Howell torpedo, the success of this implement of warfare is thought to be assured.

Col. A. C. Landers has been in New York all the past week buying goods for his large holiday trade. Mrs. Landers accompanied him.

There was but one session of the schools on Thursday, giving the children a chance to attend the matinee of the Battle of Gettysburg.

In The Mercury Window.

A hammered brass kettle over one hundred and fifty years old.

## Newport in 1775.

(Continued.)

Newport Mercury of August 28, 1775.

New York, August 17, 1775.—When all the troops ordered to march, shall be assembled at Ticonderoga, it is said they will amount to seven thousand men; and their destination on it is reported to be Canada.

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia, August 15, 1775.—Yesterday a seizure was made of Major French, of the 22d regiment; ensign Kotter, and cadet Dornot, who came passengers in a ship from Cork; and also 43 packages of baggage, among which their clothing for 1500 men. The whole is safe landed, and in store. These three gentlemen have given their parole of honor, not to act against the united colonies for twelve months, and are exchanged. They are to be sent to General Washington's headquarters.

Portsmouth, R. I. August 25, 1775.—Mr. Southwick, Sir, Please to insert the following in your paper, next week, and you will oblige your Portsmouth customers, if not, we must drop your paper. If any person calls for the farmer's name, that has a right to call, you may inform him, as it will be left with you. Last Monday Sir Edward Warner and Sir Walter Cock Pitt came to this town, the ships were at this end of the island; and so well knowing they at this time are carrying intelligence, called them to an account. Sir Edward swelled like a toad, but said but very little: his courage could not burst. Sir Walter was sometimes game, and sometimes duncelike; but upon the whole we brought him to a sense of his duty, and made him subscribe his name to a renunciation of the British cause. We are informed that Mr. Madspring brought out a half-pint of rum, we shall be glad to see him again. Yours, A Farmer.

Newport, August 28, 1775.—We hear a child 7 years old fell from a wharf in Bristol last Thursday and was drowned, and that a child about 4 years old was drowned the same day at Providence.

Last Wednesday the ship Rose, Glasgow, Swan, and their tenders went into Bristol harbor, and applied to a gentleman of Popoquash for live stock, who refused to let them have it; but Capt. Wallace, of the Rose, insisted on having it, the gentleman applied to the town, upon which the people collected together, and drove the stock from Popoquash, whereupon Capt. Wallace threatened to fire upon the town; if they did not supply them, but he left it without putting his threats in execution, and went to Hog Island, where he took off six fat cattle and about 20 sheep, without paying for them. The ships returned into this harbor on Tuesday evening.—We hear Capt. Wallace has since given an order for the pay for the above stock.

While the ships were up the river they took a brig from the West Indies, and a sloop from Whaling, but the sloop got ashore at Warwick, and was taken by a number of people from the country. The brig was yesterday sent to Boston, under convey of the Swan sloop of war and a tender.

Extract of a letter from Middletown Conn., August 23, 1775.—By express last night to Hartford, from Crown-Point, we hear that all the Indians have left Johnston, except thirty, and that "his expected our men are passed St. John's by this time, where all the regulars were posted; that they intended to be with them before they could get their vessels ready. I am in expectation we shall have Governor Carlton at Hartford soon."

Last Friday evening a person was discovered driving a cart into this town (Newport) with 7 or 8 sheep and an Indian squaw in it, which a number of people stopped, and on examination, finding the load was for George Rome, of this town, and said said sheep were to be disposed of contrary to the regulations of the Congress and a law of this colony, they were secured in the Brickmarket, and the squaw sent to said Rome's. The next morning the same person was met bringing a load of geese, ducks, &c. into town to be sent to feed those very people who have been transported 3000 miles to murder the inhabitants of these colonies, unless they will tamely submit to become the slaves of a vulgar parliament.—This was also stopped. Upon which the committee was called, and ordered the sheep, geese, &c., sent back to Middletown, where they were bought, with a letter to the committee of said town, to see them returned to the persons of whom they were purchased.

Last Wednesday died, and on Friday were interred the remains of Mrs. Giles, consort of Mr. William Giles of this town.

From the Boston Gazette, August 7, 1775, Friend Edez, by inserting the following, you will oblige many of your friends and customers. We the subscribers testify and say that on the 20th of May, 1775, Capt. Linzey commander of a ship of war, then at Tarpoleen cove, came with a number of armed men, and landed on one of the Elizabeth Islands, called Reskatesh and came to the place where the men that were part of the sea on said island were shearing their sheep, and promising that he would pay for them, and give the full value of the sheep, or words to that purpose, but the owners of the sheep told him that they were unwilling to part with them, but if he would take them, they should not molest him, as most of the owners of the sheep were of the people called Quakers, and that they would not be concerned in defending themselves or their interests, by force of arms, but would treat him with civility, but said Captain with his men, took said sheep and carried them away, some shorn, and many not shorn, the sheep were hurried away in such a manner that we could not take an account of the numbers of them with exactness, but according to the best of our judgement the number and value of the sheep are as follows: Took from Mr. Tucker and Sons 93 sheep, value in lawful money, 206, 8s. 0d. From Mr. Jeremiah Robinson, 17 sheep, value 212, 4s. 10d. From Messrs. William and Elisha Robinson, 24 sheep, value 214, 8s. 0d. From Ebenezer Moiggs, 72 sheep, value, 451, 15s. 6d. John Tucker, Jeremiah Robinson, Elisha Robinson, and Ebenezer Moiggs affirmed to the truth of the above before Thomas Smith, Justice of the Peace.

JAMES C. SWAN, (To be continued.)

## COAL.

Just discharged from Schooner James C. Clifford, 900 tons extra Red Ash Coal.

GARFIELD Coal.

STOVE, EGG AND CHESTNUT of this Celebrated Coal to arrive.

AGENTS FOR NEWPORT.

Haddock's-Plymouth.

Best White Ash Coal in this market.

We are exclusive agents for PLYMOUTH W. A. COAL.

Bennett, Lincoln, Brookside,

Lehigh, Wilkesbarre and

Bituminous Coal

Always on hand, and for sale at lowest market quotations.

Gardner B. Reynolds

& CO.

Coal carefully prepared and promptly delivered. No extra charge for binning.

CITY BRIEFS.

Justings of Newport and Newporters.

The first snow of the season made its appearance yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. John Carter Brown has returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sherman, Jr., have been in New York this week.

Mr. John H. Glover, of New York, has been in town this week.

Mr. William Post and family will winter in Europe.

Hon. Levi P. Morton and family will sail for Europe to-day.

Messrs. Geo. A. Eddy, Gideon Smith, J. D. Hilder and Geo. F. Daniels have been in Chicago this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Carry have returned from their recent visit to Canada.

Mrs. A. L. Mason, of Newport and Providence, will spend the winter in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Carry have been visiting friends in Massachusetts this week.

Mr. Daniel L. Hazard and family have returned to their Newport cottage on Broadway.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and family have returned to New York for the winter.

Ensign H. E. Parmenter, U. S. N., of this city has been ordered to the Saratoga.

Naval training ships Jamestown and Saratoga arrived at Fortress Monroe on Monday.

Rev. Robert B. Peet, rector of Emmanuel church in this city, has been visiting friends in New York state this week.

A very pleasant social meeting followed the regular business at Tuesday evening's gathering of Roger Williams Lodge No. 295, Sons of St. George.

Mr. Theodore M. Davis, of Newport and New York, sailed on Saturday with his family for Europe where they propose spending the winter.

Conductor Sampson of the Old Colony Company has been in Maine the past week enjoying a well-earned vacation. He is accompanied by his family.

Gov. Wetmore and family will go to Europe shortly. The Governor's family will remain abroad through the winter, perhaps longer, but the Governor himself will return in a few weeks.

Mrs. Hayward Cutting and Miss Cutting, of Paris, who occupied the Commodore Edgar cottage on Beach street last season, will sail for Europe to-day from New York.

Mrs. W. L. Wheeler has presented Charles E. Lawton Post, No. 5, G. A. R., with a handsome silver tea service which belonged to her brother, the late Gen. A. G. Lawrence.

Yesterday the members of the General Assembly and other State officers visited the State Institutions. It is to be presumed that they found everything in first class order, for the Institution is never in any other condition.

(For additional details see 4th page.)

## Local Matters.

The Sewer Proposition.

On Wednesday the tax payers of Newport by a large majority voted in favor of the Oclre Point and Thames street sewer and the recovering of Thames street. The Council are authorized to expend \$60,000 for this work and are to issue 30 years bonds at 4 percent, in payment of the expense. The vote on the proposition in the various wards was as follows:

Wards	1
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## Poetry.

You and I.

BY MIRABILE.

Alone at eve, I duly stroll  
Beside the water's side,  
Alone—while twilight shadows dim  
Drop on the hill and lea.  
Then, when the moon's golden glow  
Floods out the water's side,  
And dusky grow the shining sands  
Where once strayed—You and I.

The radiant moon now sailing slow  
Up o'er the water's side,  
Gleams on the moon's golden glow  
Floods out the water's side,  
And dusky grow the shining sands  
Where once strayed—You and I.

Ah! Once in golden weather, dear  
Together did we stray,  
From the moon's golden glow  
Floods out the water's side,  
And dusky grow the shining sands  
Where once strayed—You and I.

But ah! those happy days now dead  
How swift they sped away,  
Yet to-morrow deep within my heart  
In memory's secret they stay,  
While hope we wait for their glad return  
With many a longing sigh,  
When once again we'll be, sweetest,  
Together—You and I.

Broken Ties.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The broken ties of happier days,  
How often do they seem  
To come before our mental gaze,  
Like a remembered dream.  
Around us each discolored chin  
In sparkling rain lies,  
And earthly hand can no more again  
Unto these broken ties.

The parents of our youthful home,  
The kindred that we loved,  
Far from our arms, perchance, may roam,  
To desert and to rove.  
Or we have watched their parting breath,  
And closed their weary eyes,  
And signed to bid them to their death,  
And signed to bid them to their death.

Oh, who, to such a world as this,  
Could bear their lot of pain,  
Did not our radiant hope of bliss  
Inclined us to remain?  
That hope the sovereign Lord hath given,  
Who reigns above the skies—  
Hope that unites our souls to heaven  
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each toil of mortal birth,  
Is sent to us by God's decree,  
To lift the living heart from earth,  
And speed its flight above.  
And every pang that wrings the breast,  
And every joy that gladdens,  
Tells us to seek a purer rest  
And trust to better lives.

## Selected Tale.

A GENUINE ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER I.

Lancelot Saville stood contemplating his latest acquisition with the satisfaction of a man who feels he has achieved a triumph. With pains and care and many patient wanderings through obscure and unknown quarters of the great city, he had brought together his collection of Early English furniture. And this bureau of exquisite design and perfect workmanship was his very latest purchase.

It was a very dainty article, richly inlaid with different colored woods, dancing Cupids and wreaths of roses ornamented every drawer and tiny cupboard. A faint far-away perfume of roses clung to it, as with the tenderest touch imaginable, Saville opened and examined each fair receptacle, where some pretty woman of the last century might have kept her treasures. He was very proud of his room; every article contained therein he had bought at a low price, and he had bought it at a low price.

The draperies were copied from old pictures of the time. Even the flowers with which he decorated it were such as his great-grandmother might have arranged on her table, and now his task was finished—his labor of love at an end. Can you blame him if he felt just the least possible sensation of regret? The search for his additional interest in life for some years. And now it was at an end. He had bought it at a low price, and he had bought it at a low price.

It was with the slightest possible deepening of a respiration that he quitted his beloved apartment and went to prepare for dinner. Lancelot Saville was a society man; well born, well off, single, with few extravagances, comely to look upon, and still young; he was an object of envy to many young men in less fortunate circumstances. Yet he, in turn, envied the serious scribbler who had ever tasked the supreme ecstasy of seeking the work of his brain appear in print. To be a writer, to know those deep joys which only the fortunate possessors of the creative power understand, was the great ambition of his life. The hours he had spent at his desk, the reams of paper he had blotted, bore evidence to his patience and industry; very excellent qualities in themselves, but alas! they were only the handmaids of genius, and where the greater gift is lacking the toilers only find their gift is lacking.

Unfortunately for his happiness, Saville possessed a certain amount of critical acumen. His judgment refused to be satisfied with his work. This uncomfortable gift kept him from rushing into print and adding his yearly additions to the dust-heap of bad novels, and in the long run saved him from bitter mortification. Many of his manuscripts sought the dust at once, and he was not a time to write a public, and Saville worked on, hoping to write a book that would give the world a book it would pause to read. He went to his dinner party and to a large reception after it, returning home late. If his room looked well in the cold light of day, it seemed ten times more beautiful when the argand lamps cast a subdued lustre upon his treasures. Saville felt almost a child's delight in the beauty of it as he stood upon the threshold and looked around.

Exchanging his evening coat for a loose, comfortable dressing gown, he flung himself into an easy chair and sat looking at his new purchase in unfeigned admiration. The dainty grace of the thing appealed to his imagination strangely. "It has a history," he said half aloud. "I am certain it has a history. Once upon a time it belonged to some beautiful woman who is now dead and ashes. She sat and wrote her letters, her diary—every woman kept a diary a hundred years ago—just here." He turned down the falling front of his bureau, resting his arms upon it as he mused.

"She must have been rich; this thing cost money. And she was young—once, at any rate. The pity of it is they are young keep young. I'll say she was young when she sat and wrote here, in this very spot. And I'll say she wrote her love letters here, perhaps that about and a heart beating at high pressure. Well, I for one shall never know her history; whether she were of the wise or the foolish ones; if she were saint or sinner; a de-

more maiden living on into a quiet faded age of single blessedness; a happy wife and mother, seeing her children's children.

"Come, join the melancholic crew  
Of those who dwell in gloom,  
—MRS. POPE'S 'MELANCHOLIC CROWD.'  
growing up around her before she died, or a broken-hearted widow whose sorrows found vent upon paper—just here."

He leaned back in his chair for a moment or two.

"She was fond of attar of roses," he muttered. "How those drawers smell of it! Queer that it should suddenly grow so strong." For a waft of perfume filled the room and swept over him, as if some one carrying a bouquet of old-fashioned odorous roses had passed by and shook out the scent. At this same moment a cold shiver, like an arrow of ice, darted through Saville's frame. He sprang to his feet and looked round wildly. Of course the room was empty; the fire had gone down and the lamps burned low.

"Bah!" he said, "I am hipped to-night; the wind has gone to the east and the fire goes to the dogs. I'm as nervous as any fine lady who does herself with chloral and then wonders why she feels shaky. I'll stop dreaming over my dear bureau and go to bed like a sensible man."

He did so, but it was strange that as he closed the door the same cold shiver passed over him and the curious sense of an unseen presence came upon him with a sweep of rose perfume, which again filled the room.

He caught up a candle and examined every nook in his sitting room, the dining room, and then the luxurious bedroom, which formed the whole of his residence.

"It is a curious thing," he said, as he prepared for rest, "I never remember feeling anything like it before. It seemed as if some one were standing behind me, some one who wanted to see me, to speak to me. Bah! I'm tired, had something at Fifth's which has disagreed with me, and the wind is in the east; I'll think no more about it."

CHAPTER II.

Saville always had a story on hand, which invariably cost him a world of pains and care, but which as invariably never grew beyond that uphill pull which brings itself into most amateur literary work—the sticking places, where the children of the imagination become impracticable and disobedient, refusing to adapt themselves to circumstances.

When this came to pass, as it generally did about the hundredth sheet of his MS., he would either toss the whole thing into the fire or rewrite it, with so many alterations that the original plot was lost utterly or altered beyond all chance of recognition; in either case the writer felt bitter disgust at his own incapacity which was anything but agreeable.

He arranged the MS. of his very latest tale in one of the drawers of his new acquisition and set to work upon it with renewed energy.

But as he wrote the thoughts which had haunted him on the previous night returned with tenfold vigor. It actually seemed as if a voice were whispering in his ears: "Yes, it belonged to a woman, to a beautiful woman, a woman with a history; it may have been a tragic one, if the thing could speak, if it could disclose the tale hidden in the past. The story I must never know. What would I not give to know it—ah, yes, what? But I shall never know, never."

It was strange, but these thoughts filled his brain and refused to be banished.

Once again the faint scent of roses wafted by him, and at the same moment he was aware of a sound at his right hand. It was no louder than the ticking of a tiny insect might make in the old wood; but the sound was not like the noise of a worm. It seemed much more the light tapping of a dainty finger on the desk beside him, as if to attract his attention. Slightly it was, it disturbed his nerves to such an extent that he flung down his pen.

It was growing late in the afternoon. The roll of carriages in the adjacent streets sounded in his ears like the coming in of the tide on a shingly beach. It was as yet early spring, but the town was full, and with a craving upon him for the sight of familiar faces, the company of living men and women, he went out into the clear sunshine of the spring evening, and the companionship of the crowd, the clear air, the vivid sunlight, the sound of voices and of passing feet, the interchange of friendly communings as he went along encountering acquaintances at almost every turn, restored him to his habitual frame of mind. He laughed at the nervous folly of which he felt he had been guilty. It seemed utterly out of place in this gay, careless world. By the next morning he had forgotten it all. He went to his work with the ardor of a man who loves his self-imposed task; and for once in his life, he felt he was doing good work. His thoughts flowed freely. No sticking places blocked the rapid sweep of his pen; he wrote with an ease which absolutely surprised him, and he was happy.

He went for a long walk in the sweet spring air, returning at night to his labor of love.

He was fully awake now, whatever he might have been before. What had occurred? Surely he had been dreaming. It was not possible it had not been real. No, he was overstrained, overworked, and his brain had only avenged itself; or possibly this strange vision was a symptom of approaching illness; in the morning he would understand.

CHAPTER III.

But when the morning came the impression left upon his mind by the unaccountable occurrences of the previous night did not pass away.

Although fanciful and imaginative, Saville was not superstitious. He possessed too much practical good sense to permit of his being a believer in the so-called occult sciences in which many of his friends took a strange delight. Philosophical and a thing to him unknown. Still, he had shrugged his shoulders at such matters, but now this strange experience fairly took him aback. Could it be possible the spirit world was nearer to him than he dreamed? That some unknown force was compelling him to a belief in the supernatural and his will? With an effort he shook off the unwelcome thought hanging over him and went to his task again. He laughed at the curious shrinking with which he approached the old bureau when the sun was high in the heavens and all the world afloat. It was too ridiculous, and yet, as he opened the desk, turned down the falling leaf, and bent over his manuscript, the overpowering scent of dead roses and the cold chill under which it came upon him with a rush, almost made him shudder. At the same moment the faint sense of a presence at his side made him turn sharply—but the room of course was empty, and the odor died away.

He recovered himself quickly, and began to work on the blurred, blotched sheets his hand had traced on the previous night. Gradually the impression that he had been made the object of a supernatural visitation passed off. After a while he indulged in a quiet laugh at his own expense. Why, of course, he had been dreaming. His vision of the hand and pointing finger was only a vivid production of a brain tired out by an unusual amount of work. What an ass he had been to give it a moment's thought! He tore up the blotted sheets and began to work with "right good will" upon a fresh sheet of paper. He was so far satisfied with his late hour was his neither a god nor a demon; his heroine a womanly woman. "I'll make my work of this," he thought, with a glow of satisfaction at his heart.

Soft, soft, and low, no louder than the throbbing of his pulses, came that faint touch on the desk at his right hand. It was so low, so faint and far away, that it resembled rather the echo of a sound than the sound itself. At the same time the chill scent of dead roses filled the room. Saville started back. There could be no room for doubt now, for there before him gleamed lustrous white in the daylight, as if illumined by some mystic glow, close to him—so close that he could have grasped it had he dared—floated that phantom hand. It was extended further now, and Saville saw that it held a bracelet of antique workmanship—a blaze of rubies encircled the perfect wrist. He leaped to his feet and faced round. There was nothing visible—only the cold sense of a dread presence in the room, unseen but awfully real, made the clammy knees start on his forehead, and his knees almost gave way under him. Again the sound, a degree louder now, and the ghostly vision seemed to touch on his hand, the particular sound of garlands met and intertwined. At the same time a sigh, faint but distinct, floated through the room. Saville's brain reeled; he leaned heavily on the desk before him for support. Stupefied, dazed as he was, he yet felt as if something yielded under his hand. The vision dissolved into mist and floated away as it had done on the previous night, and a sense of infinite relief thrilled through his veins.

It was a momentary relief, but he regretted his self-possession, but when he mastered the awe which had oppressed him and looked again at the bureau he saw that the hand front had parted in the centre, at the touch of a hidden spring. To slip his fingers into the narrow slit and raise the panels at either side was the work of a moment. Looking up in his face from the secret repository thus disclosed was a lovely woman, rather draped than clad in dainty, vaporous folds of azure, with a wreath of roses lying lightly on the rich brown hair. One exquisite hand held the flowing draperies across the perfect bosom. The wrist was clasped by a blazing circlet of rubies. The picture was the work of a supreme artist, and it told its tale.

The drawer was filled with manuscripts and packages of letters, tied with scraps of faded ribbon, the ink faded to a poor stain. They were each labeled in delicate feminine writing. "His letters," "Mine," "My diaries." And on one package was written: "Let whosoever finds these clear the stain from off a name unblemished till it came to her—Rosamond Bolton, born St. Angelo."

Below this packet lay a leather case. As Saville drew it from its hiding place opened in his hand. An antique ruby bracelet fell from it. Saville recognized it at once. It was the bracelet of the picture lying before him, and the rubies burned with the same red fire which had flashed through the floating mist around his strange vision. The shock of the fall must have touched some hidden spring, for the largest cluster of stones moved aside, revealing the portrait of a handsome, reckless-looking young man, in a naval uniform of the last century.

CHAPTER IV.

To read and arrange the heap of manuscripts thus strangely given into his possession was a labor of love which occupied Saville many days.

He found in them the story of a woman who had loved, sinned, and suffered on her life before the first flush of youth had passed over her hair. The diaries began when the writer was sixteen, only child of an aged, infirm man—the earl of St. Angelo. There was no mention of any other woman of rank in the household at "Langdale Park." The housekeeper, Mrs. Careless, and a certain "Cousin Amelia," of whom the young writer was not fond, were the persons chiefly mentioned; and there was another, a certain George d'Arcy, whose name occurred often. Under the date August 20, 1783, she wrote: "George has gone. We took farewell in the hazel copse. Good-bye, George. My good days are all gone. Good-bye."

Not tears had fallen upon the faded page and stained it, blotting the last words. After that entry there was a break in the tale. In the Autumn of the same year, when the event of a stranger, who came from London "on business to my Lord," broke the monotony of the girl's life. Of this visitor she wrote: "October 20.—Mr. Stephen Bolton is of good appearance and exceedingly genteel manners. A very personable man of over forty years. He spoke

much of London and the pleasure of living in the midst of all that is going on there. Mrs. Careless tells me he is rich beyond all imagining. He is pleased to admire my playing on the harpsichord, and to make me a pretty compliment thereon. 'Mem.—To practice more and careful than I have done.'"

The next entry was a sorrowful one. "January 12, 1783.—My father died."

"January 1783.—I am to reside with my Cousin Amelia at Great Carew. My father died poor, and I am fortunate in being able to come at all to Sir Adolphus Carew's. He sends his trustful man to fetch me to-morrow."

"February, 1784.—I find this house intolerable. Cousin Amelia loves me not, and Sir Adolphus dares not show his noisy play, and I can scarce refrain from weeping when my lady Carew speaks sharply to me. I know not where to turn."

A letter written in bold, strong, masculine characters was attached to this page, indorsed:

"From Mr. Stephen Bolton, received March 21, 1784."

"Madam (it ran).—My knowledge of your late father—the Earl of Angles—is a circumstance, which I deem it my duty to inform you of. My father was an officer of my hand and fortune, which otherwise I should not have had the confidence to do. I now venture upon it, having the sanction of your present guardians. I am but a plain man, unable to press my suit in fashionable terms. I can only assure your ladyship of my sincere devotion to your interests, and rely upon your judgment for a favorable reply. I am, madam, always your ladyship's humble servant."

"March 23.—My lady very hot upon Mr. Bolton's offer; telling me plainly that, with their growing family, Sir Adolphus and she cannot afford an additional cause of expense. Mr. Bolton has offered to purchase Langdale Park and settle it upon me, with £3000 a year of income, and £4000 for pin money while he lives. I am in some perplexity."

But her perplexity soon came to an end.

"March 30.—Mr. Bolton has brought me a ring of diamonds, which Mrs. Careless says is worth £200, also a suit of lace, very handsome, for my wedding gown."

"Monday.—This day I buried G. d'A's father and present in the bed of lilies by the west door of the church. I also wrote informing him of my approaching marriage. Good-bye, good-bye, George, good-bye."

"May 1.—I was married to-day.—Rosamond Bolton."

After that date the diary became a mere record of the elderly husband's devotion to his young wife. He seemed to have devoted his nothing, to have gratified every whim, to have lavished money upon her, and treated her with the greatest indulgence; and she wrote of his goodness in a careless, easy style, which read as if she accepted it all as only her due.

Somewhat more than a year after her marriage she wrote:

"July 10.—My little baby died; he only lived a week. I have been high to death."

There was no other entry until the Christmas following, when she wrote: "The doctors order me to Bath, saying the waters will strengthen me. Mr. Bolton is much distressed at my condition, which threatens consumption. He has gone to procure a house for my use. Indeed, he spares nothing which he thinks will make me happy. Lady Peg, his sister, whose husband is abroad, will bear a company at Bath." The diary ran on, proving how Lady Bolton's health and spirits revived in the gay city, and how she gradually was drawn into the brilliant society which then filled the place. Beautiful, highly born, and rich, Saville could easily see she created much heartburning in the bosoms of less fortunate women.

"May 2.—Had high words with my Lady Peg on a question of precedence, she being very loud about it. Having the audacity to say I was but the wife of a tradesman's son, while she had married into a county family. I have desired my servants to deny me when she calls. 'Mem.—The Duke was pleased to say I was the best-dressed woman in the rooms to-night. I wore my rose bracelet with Flaubert lace and diamonds. I was in the tea room that Lady Peg Lightfoot invited me to.'"

"May 9.—Met George d'Arcy on the parade."

Words of fiery, passionate entreaty on the man's side; of denial, growing less and less decided, on the woman's. At last one brief note, written in a hasty, trembling hand, consented to their flight, and named the place of meeting and the time.

CHAPTER V.

Lady Rosamond tells her tale. "It is a year ago, and I may say my first husband, and I never again to hear your voice until the day I die? Do you not see this silence preserved for a whole year by slow torture day by day? There was a play wrote once which I remember reading in the old days when I was a gay, careless girl. It was called 'A Woman Killed by Kindness,' and by your kindness you are killing me. I am here, at Langdale Park, surrounded by every luxury boundless wealth can command, honored, obeyed, courted, my guilty secret hidden safe, as he would it should be, but it is death-in-life. He is as much dead to me as that other, and I would God I were dead too."

"I made no confidant all my life long, and I will make none now. Only write out the memorial of that day, and what followed, that when I am dead—oh, may it be soon!—he will read and understand, perhaps forgive, when he sees my punishment was greater than I could bear; and I was so young, so young, and my eyes were blinded."

"I loved George d'Arcy when I was an innocent young girl. Of that affection I have no need to be ashamed. We parted, and I married, I being but a child in many respects. I resolved to be a true wife, and had my little baby lived, all might have gone well. But it was not so. The cruel words of an angry, jealous woman aroused all the secret pride in my foolish heart. When I met George d'Arcy at Bath I had learned to doubt and despise my husband. Had it not been so, had I not thought he deceived me deliberately in regard of his parentage, forgetting the question was never raised at the time of our marriage, I would have gone to him and told him of my temptation; but my heart was hot against him, my eyes were blinded, and the old love was stronger than I dreamed. Most miserably I was deceived. I could bear my fate no longer. We agreed to fly. We were at Langdale for the hunting, George being at his uncle's house near by. It was the day before the fatal night which would join our fates forever. I wrote a line to bid him meet me at midnight in the hazel copse where we had parted years before, both young and innocent. We were to fly to France, where, as he told me, love was free."

"It was in this room where I am writing now, I was standing by this old rose bureau, which had been made for my mother the year I was born. No one but I knew the trick of the spring which secures the secret drawer, where in lay sundry private letters and papers. A child may close it, but to open it is not easy. I was occupying myself with this, when of a sudden my husband stood confronting me, holding a package in his hand."

"His eyes were dreadful to see, his face white as death."

"On a settee by me lay my traveling hood, muffler, and fur-lined pelisse. He pointed to the garments."

"You will not need them," he said slowly. "Captain d'Arcy has been called to another rendezvous, my lady Rosamond."

"I was speechless; the first thought that rushed into my bewildered brain was that the messenger to whom I had entrusted the fatal note had betrayed me. Mr. Bolton went on speaking with awful calmness."

"May I ask if you recognize these and this?"

"My eyes were swimming, but I saw the portrait painted by the Langs so short a time ago, and a package of letters in my own hand writing, laid deliberately on the desk before me. And the horrid thought that it was not the foolish errand-boy, yet George, who had played me false, took possession of my bursting heart, yet could I not utter one word."

"My husband's voice went on. 'Your lover has met with a fate worthy of a better man. Hiding his woe, he has been there, he has been by the fence by the hazel copse—where I found him with his hands pressed on his heart, dying, madam.'"

"I did not cry or faint or fall—I caught at this bureau and stood facing him, hearing his words as one hears in a dream."

"He was speechless," Mr. Bolton said, "but he preserved his senses, and from the look in his face and the gesture he used I should have wished him to take in charge something which laid under his hand, some precious token to one who loved him. I lifted him with all care, for I knew, madam, that he had been your friend, and, trusting you wholly, how could I dream of ill; but when I asked him if I could help in the distress which seemed to oppress him, he but clutched the hand upon his breast, the more tightly and strove to speak. What that effort of spirit passed away. I think it was a trust he would confide in me, put my hand to the place and found this; the picture of the woman whom I honored and trusted above all the world, done in the loose garb of a French woman, and a note, whereof the ink was scarce dry, appointing this very night for her flight with the man lying dead at her feet. Then I sought further—those are your letters, madam. What effort he made to read them. They were never meant for my eyes—nor did any other man see what I had found—your guilty secret is safe with me. When the rest of the hunt came up, the damning proofs of your shame were in your husband's keeping. Now I give them back to you."

"How could I listen, how could I hear it? I knew not till this hour, my very life seemed to be in my hand yet I heard (Continued on third page.)"

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## Chronic Catarrh

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## The Mercury.

John F. Ransom, Editor and Proprietor.  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, '87.

Boston's distinguished son, John L. Sullivan, was received with great honor in England on his arrival. Perhaps the little country didn't dare do otherwise.

The result of Tuesday's elections make it evident that the Republicans, if they win at all, must win the next Presidential contest without New York. That state grows more solidly Democratic every year. Neither is there any better reason to hope to carry any Southern state now than there was in 1884. According to present indications the Republicans are reasonably sure to carry every state they carried in 1884, and there are strong indications that Indiana and New Jersey will also soon be strong Republican States. Where the remaining votes are to come from the future must reveal.

The action of President Cleveland in endorsing Col. Follows, and other Democratic candidates of like doubtful antecedents, has disgusted many honest independents who have heretofore stood by him under the mistaken belief that he is better than his party. This class will hardly support the President next year if the Republicans will put up candidates to their liking. A ticket composed of Gen. Hawley of Connecticut, and Robert Lincoln of Illinois would be likely to draw most of them. In this class of independents we do not mean the Mugwumps, a class of better-than-thou voters who have gone over soul and body to Cleveland.

The territory of Dakota has a population of 600,000 persons, equal to that of the State of Maine in 1880, and larger than at least fourteen of the states in the Union, yet it is not allowed to become a state. The combined population of Nevada, Delaware, Oregon and Colorado at the time the latest national census was taken, was more than 100,000 under that of Dakota at the present time. If Dakota's inhabitants were divided up numerically at this moment they would make four states as populous as Delaware was in 1880, and eleven states as populous as Nevada. Both of these commonwealths assist in the election of a president and each has three members of the National legislature. The former privilege is withheld from Dakota, and it is permitted no voice in the making of the country's laws.

What have the Mugwumps to say now in regard to their pet, Grover Cleveland? His open endorsement of Gorman, Higgins, & Co. in Baltimore, they excused and apologized for; his appointment of hundreds of incompetent men to offices in violation of all Civil Service rules, they overlooked as a freak of his good nature; his endorsement of Lovings for Governor of Massachusetts—a direct representative of the spoils system—rather staggered them but yet they were inclined to forgive him on the ground of ignorance; but when he wrote the fatal letter endorsing Col. John R. Follows for District Attorney of New York against De Lancy Nicol, that was a little more than his supple mugwump admirers could stand. The fawning New York Post even read the letter with "shame and sorrow." There was consternation in the camp and the little band of better-than-thou people are just now all afloat. Cleveland has cast them out, and they know not where to go. The trials of the "man without a country" were not a circumstance compared to the agony depicted upon their countenances for the last few days.

Thanks to the hard work and forgiving spirit of the Republicans of the Western District Rhode Island will again have two Republican representatives in Congress and will make the twentieth State having Republican majorities in their delegations in the National house of representatives. The earnest, hard working, party loving Republicans of the Western District, for once, were willing to swallow the abuse of the Providence Journal, and all went to the polls and did their best to elect Warren O. Arnold to Congress, and they succeeded. In the last few days of the campaign in that district the condition of things changed very rapidly. Bradley and his followers wherever they went lost votes for the Democratic party, while the addresses of Senators Frye and Aldrich, Messrs. Dixon, Littlefield, Prof. Alonzo Williams, Gen. Rogers and others, who spoke on the Republican side, carried conviction to the hearers and made Republican success possible. The nomination of Col. Goodwin for Mayor of Pawtucket, or more especially the nomination of his opponent by the Democrats, as we predicted last week, aided materially to the success of the Republican Congressional candidate.

Mr. Warren O. Arnold received in all 5086 votes, Judge Bradley 7,248 and Pabody 222, with 4 scattering. This gives Arnold a plurality of 888, which is rather too large even for a Democratic Congress to successfully contest. Therefore it is safe to assume that Rhode Island's delegation will remain intact during the 50th Congress. A very pleasing feature of Tuesday's election is the choice of Col. A. K. Goodwin Mayor of Pawtucket. No better man can be found in that city for this important position. The Republicans in the State Senate have gained a member in the choice of H. A. Follett of Cumberland to succeed Senator Esterbrook who has moved out of the State. Follett is a true-blue Republican. This will give the Republicans 20 members to 17 for the Democrats in the Senate.

## SPECIAL SESSION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Proposed Constitutional Amendment. Gov. Davis has called the General Assembly to meet in special session on Tuesday next at the State House in Providence. The object of this meeting is to submit to the qualified electors of the State the proposition of Amendment to the Constitution of the State, commonly called the Bourn bill. This amendment passed both Houses of the Legislature at the January session in 1887. At the May session the bill was again passed by the Senate, a majority of which is Republican, and tabled by the House. We understand that the word has been passed along the lines among the faithful, to support this measure at this special session and have it submitted to the people for their ratification before the first of January. We here give that proposed amendment in full. It will be seen that it abolishes all distinctions between native and foreign born voters, abolishes registry tax and establishes a poll tax, and makes only tax payers eligible to the choice of the city councils in the various cities of the State.

ARTICLE. SECTION 1. Every male citizen of the United States of the age of twenty-one years, who has and the residence and home in this State for two years, and in the town or city in which he may offer to vote six months next preceding the day of the election, and who is registered in the town or city where he resides on or before the last day of December, in the year next preceding the time of his voting, shall have a right to vote in the election of all officers and on all questions in all legally organized town or ward meetings. Provided that no person shall be allowed to vote in the election of the City Council of any city, or upon any proposition to impose a tax, or for the expenditure of money in any town or city, unless he shall within the next year preceding have paid a tax assessed upon his property therein valued at least at one hundred dollars.

SECTION 2. The assessors of each town or city shall annually assess upon every person, who, if registered, would be qualified to vote, a tax of one dollar, or such other sum as the town or city council may determine, which tax shall be paid into the treasury of such town or city, and be applied to the support of public schools therein. From the sum so collected upon any person who has performed military duty, shall be remitted for the year he performed such duty, and for each year thereafter, upon any person who is unable to pay said tax, shall be remitted. The General Assembly shall have power to provide by law for the collection and remission of said tax.

SECTION 3. This amendment shall take in the Constitution of the State, the place of Sections 2 and 3 of Article I of the Constitution of the State, which said sections are hereby repealed.

The result of Tuesday's elections gives New York to the Democrats by some 12,000 to 15,000 majority. Col. John R. Follows is elected Attorney General by a majority of over 20,000 over De Lancy Nicol, the Republican and Independent nominee. The George vote was light. The prohibition vote showed an increase over last year. The Republicans have the legislature, they numbering 78 to 65 for the Democrats in the House and a good working majority in the Senate.

New Jersey has chosen a Republican Legislature which insures a Republican senator in place of a Democrat. Pennsylvania is Republican as usual, majority over 30,000. Ohio shows a largely increased Republican majority. Foraker, whom the mugwumps especially hate, is reelected by 30,000 majority, the largest in many years. Massachusetts reelected Ames and all the rest of the Republican ticket by increased majorities over last year. They have also made large gains in the legislature. Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska are Republican as usual. Virginia, Mississippi and Maryland are Democratic as usual. As it is, both parties stand about as they did before election. The Republican states have given increased Republican majorities and the Democratic states have held their own and in some cases increased their majorities. The Republicans gain a U. S. senator in New Jersey, and Riddinger has received notice to move out in Virginia. Oregon does not want prohibition yet, having voted against it by some 7,000 majority. Rhode Island has given notice that she expects to come back into the Republican ranks again next Spring.

## The Recovery of A. T. Stewart's Body.

Ex-Superintendent Walling of the New York police in his new book gives a long and interesting account of the robbery of A. T. Stewart's grave and the recovery of the body. He says the remains were first taken to Canada, and \$250,000 was demanded for their return. Finally, in January, 1879, when \$20,000 was named as a satisfactory price, Mrs. Stewart arranged to recover the body. A trust messenger, by direction of the unknown robbers, drove one night in an open wagon along an unfrequented road in Westchester County. At intervals, mounted masked men gave him directions as to the road to be followed. Finally on turning up a dark lane he was stopped. "Here it is," said one masked man; "give me the money." To prove that they were Mr. Stewart's bones, one of the men held up an irregular bit of velvet, and opening a bill's eye lantern showed the cloth was identical in shape with a bit of paper that the young man carried. The command, "Come! Hurry up!" was at once obeyed by the messenger who handed out the money. The robbers retired a few feet and counted it, keeping the young man a prisoner the while. Then they jumped into their wagon and drove off in the darkness. The next night the body was removed to Garden City on a special train and put in a secure vault. Should anybody attempt to steal it now the bells in the cathedral tower will set a ringing an alarm by a concealed siren. The letters giving information about the body and stipulating the reward were signed "Henry G. Romaine" and were dated in Boston.

## The Old Colony's Lease.

The Boston Journal gives the following as the correct terms of the lease of the Boston & Providence railroad by the Old Colony Company: The stockholders of the Boston and Providence Railroad, at the annual meeting on the 10th inst., will no doubt instruct the Board of Directors to petition the Legislatures of Massachusetts and Rhode Island to sanction the leasing of their road to the Old Colony Railroad for a period of 99 years. The terms of the lease are most satisfactory to the leased road. The Old Colony assumes all the obligations of the road, which include unpaid damages for the accident, and agree to keep the road in the good condition, subject to inspection from time to time, and they further agree to pay (\$1,500,000 one million three hundred thousand dollars) as a bonus, and to pay ten per cent. annual dividends to the stockholders. The advantages of this consolidation to residents on the line of both roads will be very great. A portion of the travel over the Old Colony, where its lines connect with the Boston and Providence, will enter the depot on Columbus avenue.

## Unity Club.

Last Tuesday evening one of the regular Study meetings took place, at which two essays were presented. The first one was on "Cicero's Letters" by Mr. T. Edward Blakely. Mr. Blakely gave an admirable summary of the state of Roman and Egyptian morals and modes of thought at the momentous period in which the famed Egyptian Queen was born, that period being the century preceding the Christian era. Her relations with Julius Caesar and afterwards with Mark Antony were discussed. She seems to have been—though not superlatively beautiful—a creature of exquisite grace, infinite tact, and abounding in those oriental graces which proved so captivating to the famous Roman conquerors, who in their turn were conquered by her. Mr. Blakely's essay received the applause of a large audience.

The second subject for the evening was on "The opening up of India by Europeans," and was treated by Miss Emily B. Chase. The attempts of the Portuguese, Dutch and French to effect permanent settlements on the continent of India, were mentioned. In due time appeared the British Power, which under the celebrated Clive, won the great battle of Plassey, which virtually proved to be the commencement of British supremacy over what is now the finest portion of England's possessions.

Musie, a conversational interlude, and remarks on the two essays, occupied the rest of the evening, which was a very enjoyable one.

There is one thing Mr. Ignatius Donnelly cannot do—he cannot get up any enthusiasm in this country over Francis Bacon. He may marshal his hard, cold facts and puzzle out his mysterious cryptograms, but even if he succeeds in logically demonstrating that King James's Lord Chancellor was in all probability the author of the Shakespeare plays, he can hope for nothing more than a reluctant and grumbling acquiescence on the part of the public. "Will" Shakespeare is an interesting character; his lordship the Viscount St. Albans isn't.

## The New England Grocers' Outing.

Editor of the Mercury—Dear Sir: No doubt a large number of the readers of your valued paper would be pleased to have an account of the recent excursion of the New England Grocers to New York city, and with this object in view I respectfully furnish the following: The idea of 2000 an excursion was suggested some time ago, and Mr. Benj. Johnson, publisher of the well-known trade paper, The New England Grocer, took steps to carry out the same. It was found that sufficient encouragement would be given to such an enterprising and profitable excursion, and the excursion was very favorably received. The excursion was immediately made with Mr. G. H. Rogers, of Boston, a well-known "tourist," New York, charge of a party, and an announcement to that effect, together with the proposed route and programme was at once published. The result was that on the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 31, a party numbering some three hundred (of the Old Colony railroad, carrying a party numbering many towns and cities of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts. On arriving at Fall River the party was transferred to the deck of the steamer Bristol and was further augmented by grocers of southern Massachusetts and northern Rhode Island. Supper was taken on the Bristol, and on arriving at Newport the party was completed by the addition of two representatives from our "fair city by the sea." The trip to New York was an uneventful one, and Tuesday morning opened with anything but pleasant prospects. The passage through Hell Gate and the East River was in drizzling rain, but many of the excursionists braved its discomforts to watch the ever changing panorama of New York city. Wall's, Randall's and Blackwell's Islands, Astor and Brooklyn Bridge many eyes were turned toward the "stacks," apparently fearful that they would strike that enormous structure, but happily the catastrophe was averted and the Bristol continued on her course by Governor's Island, around the Battery and up North River to 11th St. Just at this point the clouds cleared away and "King Sol" appeared in all his glory, and from this time on the weather was all that could be desired.

The excursionists having previously breakfasted preparations were at once made for disembarking, and representatives from the more prominent wholesale houses of New York made their appearance and took charge of the party. The gentlemen first wandered their way to the enormous establishment of Thurber, Whyland & Co., where a most magnificent display of everything that is toothsome and delicious is made. The salesroom and book-keeping department of this firm alone are well worth a trip to the metropolis and must excite the wonder and admiration of any one on a first visit. The products of every clime are here brought together. The teas from China, Japan and India; spices from the Isles of East India; coffees from Java, Arabia and South America; and delicacies from Italy, France and Spain, and the more substantial food preparations of northern latitudes are here to be found in endless variety. A hasty examination of the establishment was made and subsequently visits were made to the splendid establishments of F. H. Leggett & Co., Austin, Nichols & Co., Clark, Holly & Ketchum, and others. In these places everything was found in keeping with the enormous business transacted. The trade of each firm mentioned reaching several millions of dollars yearly, purely in food products. The grocers at length brought up at the Produce Exchange and passed a profitable half-hour in examining that fine building and in listening to the pandemonium of the "bells and bells" of wheat, corn and oats. At about two o'clock the party was transferred to the Grand Central Hotel. Meanwhile, the ladies, under escort of representatives of the aforementioned houses, including Mr. Geo. B. Wallis, Jr., a gentleman well known to the grocery trade of our city, made short drives around the lower part of the city visiting in the retail grocers, provided by the leading New York wholesale trade and manufacturers of food and grocery products. The menu was a very elaborate one of some ten courses and was thoroughly enjoyed. "After dinner" speeches were made by several prominent merchants and the exercises closed about 6 o'clock. During the evening most of the party visited the theatres and other places of amusement, but a few, including the Newport delegation, passed the time in strolls around "the city," visiting the Brooklyn Bridge and other places of interest by moonlight.

Wednesday morning found "all hands on deck" at a comparatively early hour considering the hard work of Tuesday, and immediately after breakfast departure was taken by the 3d avenue "L" road to 30th street where busses were in waiting, and a delightful ride taken through Central Park, which, in its annual setting of rich and varied coloring, was a charming study. The day was one of those superlative "October" ones, the glory of the Indian summer. A finer one could not have been selected for the park ride. From the Central Park party was taken to Riverside Park where after enjoying the magnificent views of the Hudson at that point, and visiting the tomb of Gen. Grant return was made via the fine elevated known as 11th avenue, and across town to the 8th avenue "L" road and thence to the Battery and Brooklyn Bridge, returning to the hotel at about 2:30 o'clock. After dinner busses were taken to pier 38 where the "Queen of the Sound," the Pilgrim, was waiting to bring us home.

The return voyage was an extremely pleasant one, the round full moon shown bright and clear on the sparkling waves of the Sound, and the decks were filled with the merry excursionists who passed the time in song, in sociability, and in full enjoyment of the beauties of the night. At Fall River on Tuesday morning your correspondent separated from the many new friends formed on the trip, with great regret. With a sincere hope that we shall all meet again, ONE WROTE THIS.

In an interview on the effect of prohibition in Georgia, Governor Gordon said that prohibition has been tried through local option in 100 out of 137 counties of the state, and not one county had gone back on its action. He did not hesitate to pronounce the result good. Atlanta had not been damaged. All fears of trade being diverted had proved groundless; the change had noticeably benefited the freedmen.

They strolled along the broad parade, John Jones and pretty Miss Maria. "Your teeth are awful, John," she said; "why don't you try the beautifiers? See what a difference they make in your mouth. To polish them with SOZODONT."

Love Turns his Back on slovenliness, as regards the teeth. Keep them pure, all ye who wish to be beloved and admired. SOZODONT is unequaled as a means of whitening, polishing and preserving them.

"SOZODONT'S GUM." Cheap, Convenient and Useful. Makes everything Clean.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER STANDARD TIME.		1887.	
	Sun	Sun	Mon
12 Sat	13 Sun	14 Mon	15 Tues
16 Wed	17 Thurs	18 Fri	19 Sat
20 Sun	21 Mon	22 Tues	23 Wed
24 Thurs	25 Fri	26 Sat	27 Sun
28 Mon	29 Tues	30 Wed	1 Thurs

First Quarter, 8th day, 0h. 2m. evening.  
New Moon, 15th day, 2h. 5m., morning.  
Full Moon, 22d day, 6h. 43m., morning.  
Full Moon, 29th day, 10h. 20m., morning.

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Office hours 11 to 2.  
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## Marriages.

In this city, 8th inst., by Rev. M. W. Correll, Edgar Barker to Mary C. Wood, both of New York.

## Deaths.

In this city, 5th inst., Rebecca, wife of Gideon P. Irwin, aged 37 years.  
In this city, 6th inst., Robert W. son of John E. and Abby Hammett, aged 22 years.  
In this city, 7th inst., Thomas S. Sherman, aged 72 years, 6 months and 23 days.  
In this city, 7th inst., Fieble L., widow of Perry Brown, aged 85 years.  
In Boston, Mass., Oct. 18, Frank C. Pittman, son of Robert H. Pittman, of Albany, N. Y., and grandson of the late Rev. Benj. H. Pittman, formerly of this city.  
In Portsmouth, N. H., 8th inst., Edward Thatcher, 6th inst., aged 11 years, 11 months and 15 days.  
In Providence, 3d inst., Martha V., daughter of William F. and Lillie L. Davis, aged 3 years; 4th inst., John W. Hammett, aged 77 years; 5th inst., Mary E., wife of John H. Galtreger, aged 30 years; 4th inst., Ida M. Kenyon, aged 25 years; 3d inst., Abby B. Porter, wife of John W. Hammett, aged 63 years; 7th inst., Capt. Joseph H. Jolls, aged 73 years; 7th inst., Emily F. Matteson, wife of the late Henry A. Matteson, aged 40 years.  
In East Greenwich, 6th inst., Lydia, wife of Captain Isaac S. Johnson, in the 75th year of her age.  
At St. Mark's Rectory, Riverdale, 8th inst., Rev. John J. Clemens, rector of the parish. In East Providence, 7th inst., Josina S. Haller, in the 57th year of her age.  
In Sayreville, 4th inst., William B. Hawkins, in his 80th year.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, adulterated or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall Street, N. Y.

**DON'T**  
Allow your Clothing, Paint, or Woodwork, washed in the old rubbing, twisting, wrecking way. Join that large army of sensible, economical people, who from experience have learned that James Pyle's Pearline, used as directed on each package, saves time, labor, rubbing, wear and tear.

Your Clothes are worn out more by washing than wearing. It is to your advantage to try Pearline.

JAMES PYLE, New York. Sold Everywhere.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

**CURE SICK HEADACHE**

Headache is a relief to all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Distress, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating. Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, they also relieve all the Liver and Gallbladder troubles, and are equally valuable in Constipation, cramps, and all other ailments of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. It is the only cure.

Are they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing ailment, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all each case.

Is the base of so many lives that here it is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two after meals. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who are afflicted with biliousness, and for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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HAVE IN STOCK AN  
**IMMENSE LINE**  
And are constantly receiving New Patterns in  
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Polished Brass Chandeliers, Library Lamps, with the Patent Extension, Hall Lamps, Extension Piano Lamps, Table Lamps, and a large assortment of  
**KEROSENE BRACKETS**  
EVERYTHING in the LAMP LINE from the beautiful FAIRY LIGHT to the LARGEST CHANDELIERS.  
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WE ARE SHOWING AN IMMENSE VARIETY OF  
**FALL & WINTER NOVELTIES.**  
Velvets and fancy plushes in every color and shade, elegant designs of ribbons in changeable colors. The finest selection of fancy feathers, pompons, ornaments and coupe plumes.

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In Felt, Plush and Beaver, Child's Plush Hoods. TRIMMED DEPARTMENT—Our show room completely stocked with ready made trimmed hats and bonnets elegantly trimmed, at low figures. Mourning goods a specialty. Old ladies dress caps and widows' caps.

Largest Stock of Millinery in the City, at  
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**FRESH GROUND**  
**\*NEW\* BUCKWHEAT\***  
BOTH PLAIN AND SELF-RAISING,  
—AT—

**WILCOX & BARLOW'S,**  
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\*FOUR\* DOORS \*NORTH\* OF \*BOSTON\* STORE.\*

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COMPLETE GROCERY AND MEAT FURNISHERS.  
**HAMS! HAMS! HAMS!**  
We have in stock and on exhibition what we confidently believe is the largest and finest line of SMOKED HAMS, SHOULDERS, BACON, etc., ever shown in Newport. Having taken advantage of an unusual chance of buying these goods at remarkably low figures, we have bought in large quantities and are selling at prices that will please the thinnest pocket book. Send a delegate from every house to examine the brilliant and attractive display of FIRST CLASS GOODS all at low prices.

**\*NEW YORK STORE,\***  
Complete Grocery and Meat Furnishers,  
201 THAMES ST.





# Farmland Family

A New Departure for Poultry.

BY COL. F. D. CURTIS.

For years the gapes dissipated food expectations in regard to chickens; every variety of being, but the only way to move off the old ground—no half way, but a full and complete retreat. Before moving, the portable coops should be treated to a thorough whitewashing. All the manure and dirt should also be cleaned out. When the new crop of chicks are hatched they should be put at some distance from the old ground and be put on soil. If kept there until half-grown, there will be no danger of picking up any of the germs of the gape-worm. This removal will often take the chickens quite remote from the house, and then the danger is that another enemy will appear; at least this has been the case with us. We have not lost one chick this year by gapes, but we have lost a great many by hawks. These birds of prey may be kept from attacking them, and getting up early enough in the morning. They do most of their stealing at the early dawn and they do it wonderfully sly. They will drop down into a tree near by and watch for a chick to come near and then swoop down upon it, catching it in the talons and bear it away to the woods.

A number of our old fowls are lame, caused by fighting with hawks. When there is plenty of grass or weeds the risk of losing the chick is not so great, as these things furnish a cover for them. An open plot is best for the chicks, as the sunshine is more and the dampness is less, but it is also inviting for the depredators. Another profitable lesson of this year—we never lost a chick by other diseases, and in fact the number lost has been very few to note. This is a good and healthy condition of the chicks was, I am satisfied, on account of all the cockles being not related to thorns. Farmers are very apt to let their fowls breed in and until they become exceedingly weak physically, and the loss in fertile eggs and with feeble chicks is very great. I am satisfied that the fowls and mothers of all the animal species should be kept in blood, and the law applies with equal force to poultry of all kinds. A winking of any kind is a great deal more trouble to care for, if it does not die. It is an easy thing to change sides, and when 75 per cent of stamina or life is thus added it is a mighty sensible thing to do.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

## The Science of Feeding Cattle for Milk.

Colonel Mason C. Weld has the following to say on the feeding of dairy cows. It is worthy the consideration of everyone who keeps cows: "We all want a cow to do her best. What is her best? Is it to consume nearly a bushel of feed or even a dollar's worth of feed a day to secure an increase of a few ounces of butter? No. Should we not consider her as doing her best when she is fed economically—enough to enable her to hold her own and give most profit to her owner? But cows differ in so many ways that no universal ration can be recommended, not even one proportioned to the live weight. When upon grass or good hay they may carry 10 or 15 per cent of their weight in milk, but as it is known that, while a deer or wild cow, the varied herbage of the hill side may be a perfect ration for a cow bred for 1,000 years to give more milk and butter than any natural wild cow gives to her calf, the ration of grass is not alone sufficient to supply the needs of a cow giving a large quantity of rich milk. It should be supplemented by grain and phosphate salts.

After giving the subject considerable thought I have come to think that 15 per cent of a cow's live weight may always be safely given to her in any provided that one third of it be bran. We need bran for the phosphates. Thus a 1,000-pound cow would receive daily ten pounds of rich grain feed (say equal parts of corn meal, ground oats and peas), and five pounds of bran. She would eat less grain, but would probably produce greater value for the additional feed than the milk. It is certain that in testing cows to show their value as economical milk and butter producers, we do not want to force them or to train them to eat more than they can perfectly digest. The enormous tests made by some Jersey breeders have done injury to the breeds by unsettling the faith of some breeders in tests, and by causing others to feel as if phenomenal tests were the only ones to strive for. Hence, as they will not take the risk of high feeding of their cows, they make no tests at all. The "grass only" tests have, however, been numerous, and some of them excellent. The most satisfactory tests have been made with grass and a few quarts of meal or bran, much as I have indicated."

## Protecting Pampas Grass in Winter.

It is customary with many persons to dig up and put in cold greenhouse or cellar their pampas grass plants. They do this because they think the plant is not hardy, or because there is not much cheer to it in so doing, and protection is easy when inside. But the protection can be easily given out of doors, and the labor of digging up avoided. An empty flour barrel with both ends cut should be placed over the plant and then lined with leaves. The object is to prevent frost from reaching the plant, and when this is accomplished the plant is safe. When the specimen is very large a larger barrel or wine cask should be used. A little more space than that occupied by the plant should be used to make it secure from frost. There is not much labor about this plant, but some deem a barrel unsightly, and cover it in some other way; but there is no other system keeps the plant so snug as this one. The use of a stronger clamp and larger wires of fowls where there has been no disturbance of the roots in the fall, such as a removal to inside quarters causes.

## Late Grapes.

Nearly all the new grapes introduced within the past few years of the late ripening class have been white ones, with an occasional red sort. Of the white ones now fairly before the public the two best late ones are perhaps the Rockington and the Lady Washington. Certainly they are good ones if not the best. Of red ones there is Lindley, Salem and Berkeley before the public, while ripening before the late ones, is a good keeper, and its skin, though thin, does not crack, and the berries remain firm quite late in the season, partaking in this respect very much of the character of the Clinton, from which, in fact, it is a seedling, crossed with the Delaware. So far as white and red grapes, there seem to be varieties of each, but in black ones of good size there appears room for improvement in the late sorts. The Clinton is a good keeper, but it does not possess the excellent flavor of many of the earlier sorts. A large black kind to ripen in October would be a desirable acquisition to the list.

## Breaking Heifers to Milk.

Not every person is capable of teaching a heifer to stand quietly to be milked. In this education the operator must be steady, calm, strong-headed, and yet delicate in manipulation. No heifer should be milked in the open yard until she has been taught to stand quietly. If she has been handled from the time of a calf, comparatively little nervousness will be displayed. When the heifer finds that she will not be hurt, very little difficulty will be experienced thereafter. If the heifer is more than usually nervous, perseverance is by no means to be intermitted. The udder may be sore, it will inevitably be tender. The milker must avoid giving pain as much as possible. If she shows anger and kicks, the operator, if properly managed, will prevent her kicking the milker. The milk drawn, the udder will be comfortably easy. In any event the heifer will feel more comfortable after milking than before. She should be placed in a stallion, in every case, until she stands quietly, or else put in a narrow pen where she cannot turn around. We prefer the stallions. In no case should the milker start or jump when the heifer attempts to kick. The milker must show no nervousness or timidity. An Englishman of experience, and very successful in breaking heifers and even old cows which had acquired the kicking habit, advises to operate—the heifer being inclined to be wild—as given below: Get the young cow into a stable, and if you have stallions that will hold her all the better; but if not, tie her up by a rope which has been on neck, hitched short, then with a rope tied to a hame-strap, buckle the strap around the forefoot between the hoof and the first joint; put the rope around her body, draw up the foot and tie the rope sufficiently short so that she can't reach her foot to the ground. She is now in proper shape for milking.—Standing on three legs and unable to free the other, she gives up at once, and does not kick and kind. If she is of an unusually nervous, kicking disposition, the hind leg next to the milk-her leg near the hoof, and hitched to a post or something solid behind her. She will soon get tired of kicking, and entirely give it up. Usually hitching her by the head, either by stallions or by a rope, and strapping up her forefoot is all that is necessary, and she will soon be a quiet cow.—[Farm, Field and Stockman.]

## Breaking Young Steers.

A pair of 2-year-old steers may be easily broken in the following manner: A light tent-string yoke is made and the animals are used to it for a few days, so that they will move about easily. They are then yoked up to the tongue of a light two-wheeled truck, and as they move, a rope and a yoke of trained cattle are hitched ahead of them. They are then driven on a smooth road or in a level field for an hour or two; the young cattle performe the following old ones, until they go easily, when a load is put on the truck, and this is gradually increased. The young oxen are guided by word as they follow the old cattle. In this way they come quite easily and quickly to work, and as they move, their load too heavy to be moved they get into the habit of pulling steadily afterward. It is necessary to keep the young cattle well up to their work by the whip if necessary.

## The Most Profitable Cattle to Feed.

Yearlings that are well-grown and 2-year-olds are the most profitable cattle to buy for feeding. These may weigh 400 to 500 pounds for the first, and 700 to 800 pounds for the latter, if they have been kept well, or one-fourth less if otherwise. As feeding such as these more weight can be put on them than upon older cattle. Well-kept yearlings can be made to gain one pound a day from now until the same time next year. Yearlings weighing 350 to 400 pounds may do better, weighing 800 pounds after a year's feeding. A farmer who goes into a business of feeding purchased stock should have a few hundred bushels of turnips and a few hundred bushels of corn, and all the good hay they will eat. A shed 30 feet by 20, divided into 20 pens 8 by 7 feet each, holding two animals, will accommodate 40 head of yearling steers. By removing the horns the animals will not quarrel and will do much better.

Education means literally "leading out," and this is precisely what is done when an animal is trained. Its habits are formed and laid out by gentle training when it is young, and one less after another is given and a consecutive discipline is exercised just as a man will mold a glass vessel during its period of heat, beginning when it is soft and easily influenced and going on gradually until the last touch is given as the glass is hardening. Then to use force would break the glass and undo all that has been done. This is the very principle of animal training. There is no need of "breaking" unless a mistake is made and the time is lost by and the animal has become wilful and strong to submit its mature instincts to the will of its owner. Then the whip is needed and fear must be evoked. A horse is not fully trained until it is 5 or 6 years old, or even older, for it is easily spoiled by bad management then. When full training is put off too late with colts, steers, bulls, or heifers, education is made troublesome and difficult.

Some work should be done in the orchard without delay. Mice and rabbits, finding their natural provender scarce, will attack the tender bark of the young trees and often do so fatally in a night. This is to be attended to at once. There are ways recommended which are as fatal to the trees as the vermin are, if not worse. One of these is to tie strips of tarred roofing paper around the trees. This paper absorbs the sun's heat at midday in the coldest weather, thaws the bark and sap wood, and then the sharp freezing of the night bursts the bark from the wood and fatal injury. In the spring the dead bark is likely to crack off, the living tree puts forth most vigorous bloom, sets an enormous quantity of fruit, which drops half-grown as the tree dies in the summer. A safe plan is to tie old newspapers around the trees, or to cover the stems with a mixture of lime wash, cow dung, tempered loam, and carbolic acid or superphosphate enough to give the mixture a strong odor. One may then safely spread a mulch of coarse manure around the trees without fear of mischief from mice.

## How Pleasant

It is to see a beautiful child, fair, disfigured with vitiligo, bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches and sores, and sadder still when the young and innocent are laughed at and teased in such a manner as to give them that good and warm, blushing cheeks, which will search and drive out of the body every particle of humor.—[Littell's Gazette.]

## Agricultural Notes and Hints.

Feed raw meat to sickly and weak fowls.

Care should be exercised in choosing dairy salt.

Milk for young pigs and calves should be fed warm.

Flour from Manitoba is being exported to Scotland.

It costs no more to raise good fowls than poor ones.

Horses for city driving, especially, should have sound feet.

Germany has the Colorado beetle as its unwelcome guest.

The white flint seems to be the favorite corn in Long Island.

A grand "sheep-shearing" will be held at Chicago, in the spring.

Rub tar on sheep's noses to prevent their annoyance by the bot-fly.

502 of the students at Ann Arbor University are sons of farmers.

During the moulting season it is best to separate the hens and cocks.

A professorship of horticulture has been founded at Cornell University.

The official report numbers the sheep in the United States at 45,000,000.

953 women own farms in Iowa and only eighteen are carrying mortgages.

Oranges have been successfully kept in Florida 120 days after gathering.

Recent very heavy frosts have badly injured the cranberries on the Cape.

Attempt to winter only as much stock as you can winter comfortably and well.

The better blanketed you keep your horse the less grain will be required for him.

Don't attempt to keep ducks and geese unless you provide plenty of water for them.

30,000,000 acres of land in Dakota have been taken up by settlers during the past year.

Remember always in marketing that there is a shrinkage in dress fowls to be allowed for.

## Recipes for the Table.

**FRIED CAKES.**—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, six tablespoonsful of melted lard, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and a half cups of milk.

**RAW TOMATOES.**—Skin the tomatoes by putting them in a scalding water for a minute, allow to cool, cut into slices and squeeze a good lemon over them.

**STEWED POTATOES.**—Pare and cut into lengthwise strips, cover with boiling water, and stew twenty minutes. Turn off nearly all the water; put in a cupful of cold milk with salt.

**FRIED CHICKEN.**—Cut up the chicken and salt and dip in flour; have a dripping pan with plenty of boiling lard, into which lay the chicken; put in a well heated oven; fry brown on both sides.

**WILD GRAPE JELLY.**—Boil and strain the grapes; to one pint of juice allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar; boil the juice about twenty minutes, heat the sugar and add the juice, boil five minutes and put in tins.

**ROASTED QUAIL.**—Pluck, draw and singe them; wrap them in vine leaves and slices of bacon, wrap in buttered paper; if the paper burns put on more, roast until well browned, and serve them on pieces of toasted bread.

**BREAD FRITTERS.**—Cut thin, round slices of bread, butter them very lightly, spread with jam and stick together in pairs. Fry in boiling lard, after dipping in batter of one egg, one pint of milk, a pinch of salt and flour enough to make a pancake batter.

**MOCK MINCE MEAT.**—One and one-half cups powdered crackers, one cup each molasses, chopped raisins and vinegar, two cups sugar, one-half cup warm water, one cup melted butter, one cup currants if desired, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.

**POTATO SALAD.**—One quart of small potatoes, two tablespoonfuls chopped onions, two of chopped parsley, four of beets and enough of any of the salad dressings or clear vinegar to make it slightly moist; to the latter, if used, add a little butter. Keep in a cool place until ready to serve.

**STIFF PUNCH.**—Chop fine three ounces of beef suet, small quantity of bread crumbs, small pint of oil, pinch of salt. Mix well, then add one teaspoonful of preserves and enough water to make it soft; then put in a flour bag and boil three hours. Any fruit can be used instead of preserves if preferred.

## Fashion Fancies.

Lace jerseys are popular for evening wear.

Curled natural hair is likely to be used as borders upon short cloth jackets.

Embroidery is a feature just now of felt and cloth bonnets which are worn with tailor-made gowns.

Stiff English felt hats in sailor shape and small felt pokes are shown for misses and girls in their teens.

High dress collars are often apparently closed by two fancy pins, which are usually of different designs.

Plain crochet trimming is very elegant and effective as a dress garniture. It comes in all widths, and is very expensive.

The fashion of wearing lace very high up about the throat with dressy costumes is likely to be very popular during the winter.

Striped balmoral skirts are made of striped moreen or of flannel (mixed wool and cotton) in lengthwise stripes of dark colors.

For little girls there are broad brimmed felt hats with pinked edges, and these are sometimes faced with felt of a different color.

It is said that hats of rough black straw may be worn throughout the entire winter without violating any rules of the fickle goddess—Fashion.

Wraps of broad velvet are again popular, and passementerie, beaded fringes, fur and various rich and elegant garnitures are used to trim them.

Dresses of white wool are meeting with more favor than ever before at this season of the year, and many elegant novelties in this line of goods are shown.

Vests of green, gold or old rose tulle, with lace borders are used upon fine black woolen dresses. Black velvet revers are usually set beside these vests.

The novelties and colorings in ostrich plumes are worthy of attention. The shaded and two-toned effects are particularly pleasing, and will no doubt be extremely popular.

Red hosiery is again fashionable with Parisiennes, and also the beautiful girdle stockings, such as black cross-barred with gold, blue with red or snelle with blue or plum.

## WHERE THEY ARE NOW.

None of the Distinguished Soldiers of the War and How They Fare These Peaceful Days.

Gen. James H. Wilson lives in Boston.

Gen. T. J. Wood lives at Dayton, Ohio.

Gen. N. B. Banks is U. S. Marshal, Boston.

Gen. H. J. Hunt is in the service at Washington.

Gen. Alfred Pleasanton lives in Philadelphia.

Gen. Don Carlos Buell is pension agent at Louisville.

Gen. John G. Parke is superintendent of West Point.

Gen. Alexander S. Webb is president of the New York City College.

Gen. John Pope was retired last year as major-general.

Gen. Daniel Butterfield resides in New York and is a capitalist.

Gen. D. M. Gregg, the cavalryman, is in regular service.

Gen. W. E. Smith lives in New York and is a celebrated engineer.

Gen. Law Wallace lives at Indianapolis and is writing books.

Gen. Joseph B. Carr engineers a chain cable manufactory at Troy.

Gen. W. W. Averell, the cavalry leader, is at home in Bath, N. Y.

Gen. Charles H. Devens is judge of Superior Court at Boston.

Gen. Horatio G. Wright is on the retired list and lives in Washington.

Gen. John C. Robinson is on the retired list and lives in Washington.

Gen. Wesley Merritt, also a gallant cavalry general, is in regular service.

Gen. John F. Hartranft, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, lives at Philadelphia.

Gen. A. V. Kautz, the cavalryman, is in Nebraska, colonel of the Eighth Infantry.

Gen. William B. Franklin is president of a manufacturing company, at Hartford.

Gen. John C. Fromont is president of a mining company, with an office on Broadway, New York.

Gen. George Stoneman, ex-Governor of California, owns large grazing lands in that State.

Gen. O. B. Wilcox is brigadier-general commanding a department in the Missouri division.

Gen. H. A. Barnum practises law in New York and suffers constantly from severe army wounds.

Gen. Q. A. Gilmore is in the regular engineer service, and now at army headquarters in New York.

Gen. J. J. Bartlett, who received Lee's arms at Appomattox, is Deputy Commissioner of Pensions at Washington.

Gen. George Crook is brigadier-general U. S. A., commanding the Department of the Platte, Division of Missouri.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles is brigadier-general U. S. A., commanding Department of Arizona, Division of the Pacific.

Gen. Franz Sigel is pension agent for New York and vicinity. He was a German soldier who volunteered in the war.

Gen. O. O. Howard is major-general U. S. A., commanding the Division of the Pacific. He lost an arm at Fair Oaks.

Gen. John M. Schofield is major-general commanding the Division of the Atlantic, the principal subordinate command.

Gen. John Gibbon is a brigadier-general U. S. A., commanding the Department of the Columbia, Division of the Pacific.

Gen. Almer Doubleday is on the retired list, and lives at Mendham, N. J. He opened Sumter's guns on Moultrie in April, 1861.

Gen. Alfred H. Terry is major-general commanding the Division of Missouri, the central division of the army. He was a volunteer soldier, not trained to arms.

Gen. W. T. Sherman resides at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with a private office in the Army building. He was retired as General, and that office does not now exist.

Gen. H. W. Slocum lives in Brooklyn and is engaged in business enterprises. He was a graduate in civil life in 1841, became major-general of volunteers, and resigned in 1864.

Gen. John Newton is president of the Department of Public Works of New York. He commanded a corps in 1863, a distinguished engineer and was placed on the retired list at his own request.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles lives on Fifth Avenue, N. Y., and is looking after New York's interest in the Gettysburg memorial work. He was a civilian in 1861, appointed to the regular army for distinguished services, and placed on retired list as disabled.

Gen. Philip Sheridan is Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Cavalry. A special act will be necessary to make him General. He is one of the four leading generals who were in service when the war began, the others being Meade, Thomas and Buell.

Gen. Fitz John Porter is Police Commissioner. He was in service in 1861 and became major-general of volunteers. The General's story of the "Porter case" is a military sensation yet to come. It is coming, and will reveal the true inwardness of all his treatment at the hands of his opposers.

## California Excursions.

Recent changes to the advantage of those buying tickets via THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE. For circular giving full particulars address E. A. Hornum, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Omaha Real Estate Agent (in charge of a lot-selling picnic): "Now, gentlemen, we are on ground and can't any of you get away till the train goes."

"Crowd—'Don't worry to.'"

"And the train don't leave until sunset."

"Who cares?"

"I suppose you heard the brass band I brought along playing a little on the train?"

(Groans and hisses.)

"Now, gentlemen, the sale will start up and all I've got to say is you've got to bid lively or I'll start the band to playing again."—[Omaha World.]

## The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

## IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

## BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time, during myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmeway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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Carryalls,

Set low to the ground and extra lined.

Warranted in every way.

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Buggies.

4 New Side Bar Top

Buggies,

2 New Side Bar Box

Top Buggies.

4 New Democrat

Wagons,

2 New Standing Top

Carryalls,

1 Very Nice Light Vic-

toria,

1 Very Nice Victoria,

2 Single Canopy Phae-

tons, 2d-Hand.

1 Double Straw Seat

Phaeton with Canopy,

4 2d-Hand Top Buggies.

3 2d-Hand Extension

Top Carryalls.

3 2d-Hand 6-Seated

Double Carriage.

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dren's Carriage,

Will carry six children and can use a

very small horse. The carriage is

lined with Corduroy, all ready

to use and cheap.

Also several other carriages which I

will sell cheap. Anyone in want

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over my stock before

purchasing as I

want very much

to reduce

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as equal as a remedy

for Scrofulous Hu-

mors. It is pleasant

to take, gives strength

and vigor to the body,

and produces a more

permanent, lasting re-

sult than any medicine

I ever used.—E.

Haines, No. 124, O.

Greenville, Tenn.

I have used Ayer's

Sarsaparilla in my fam-

ily, for Scrofula, and

know, if it is taken

faithfully, it will

thoroughly eradicate

this terrible disease.—

W. F. Fowler, M. D.,

Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I

have suffered with Ery-

sipelas. I have tried

all sorts of remedies

for my complaint, but

found no relief until I

commenced using

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

After taking ten bot-

tles of this medicine I

was completely cured.

—Mary C. Amesbury,

Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for

years, from Catarrh,

which was so severe

that it destroyed my

appetite and weakened

my system. After try-

ing other remedies,

and getting no relief, I

began to take Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and in a

few months, was cured.

—Susan L. Cook, 908

Albany St., Boston

Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is superior to any blood

purifier that I have

ever tried. I have

taken it for Scrofula,

Canker, and Salt-

rheum, and received

much benefit from it.

It is good, also, for

weak stomach.—Miss

Jane Peirce, South

Bridford, Mass.

A certain country town boasts of

three stinging men who hail from the

'land o' cakes.' One of them will not

drink as much water as he wants unless

it be from another man's well; the sec-

ond requires his family to write a

'small hand' to save ink; and the third

stops his clock at night in order to

save the wear and tear of the

machinery.

One Youngster Darling.—It can be a

charming and model infant when no

one is about, but when visitors are

present it can exhibit more bad temper

than both of its parents put together.

It can be relied on to sleep peacefully

all day when its father is in town, and

cry persistently at night when he is

particularly sleepy.

At a grand dinner a very headless, or

rather, headless gentleman who talked

a great deal, forgot that his neighbor,

a young lady, was usually tall, and ex-

claimed: "I do not like tall women!"

The lady bit her lip; and the speaker,

seeing he had made a blunder, and try-

ing to repair it as gallantly as possible,

added "When they are young!"

Slightly Complimentary.—Don Aten-

ogenes complains bitterly of the con-

duct of his son. He relates at length to

an old friend all the young man's escapades.

"You should speak to him

with firmness to call him to his duty,"

says the friend. "But he pays not the

attention to what I say. He

listens only to the advice of fools. I

wish you would talk to him."

"Do you realize," he whispered

over to his neighbor, "Only two

weeks more and we shall be one! But

remember, darling, I am to be that

one."

He: "And did you see Monte Carlo

who were at Nice?" She: "No."

Faps called on him, I believe, but from

his disappointed appearance when he

got back to the hotel I think Mr. Car-

lo must have been out."

At the club, Z. has just returned

from the Continent, and is very dis-

satisfied. "I had to see you back. Did you

go to Italy?" Z.: "Yes." X.: "So the

Venice?" Z.: "Yes." X.: "So the

on of St. Mark?" Z.: "Oh, yes—saw

him fed!"

The high road to success has never

been a smooth one. One

must be prepared for a perilous and

tortuous path, and many apparent vic-

tures before the goal is reached. He

who turns back at the first obstacle

will certainly never achieve his end.

Anger, heat, exaggeration, violence,

ill-nature, selfishness, are all fatal to

good manners. Self-control and self-

respect will diminish them by forbid-

ding them to vent themselves. Kept

in subjection they will subside; allowed

free expression, they will become in-

tolerable.

As prisoners in castles look out of

their grated windows at the smiling

landscape where the sun comes and

goes, so we from this life, as from dun-

geon bars, look forth to the heavenly

land, and are refreshed with sweet

visions of the home that shall be ours

when we are free.

"What is your name?" asked a Sun-

day school teacher of a boy. "My

name's John," was the reply. Where-

upon the teacher impressively said:

"You should have said 'Julius, sir.'

And now, my lad," turning to another

boy, "What is your name?" "Billious,"

sir."

A newly-married lady was dilating to

a female friend on the good qualities of

her husband. Among other things, she

said that he always stayed at home in

the evenings. "Yes," answered her

friend, "I can quite believe that of

John, as he always was one who did

not care much for pleasure."

Just Fitted for the Business.—"What

an enormous man that is. Do you know

what his name is?" "Yes, his name is

Brown, and his weight has been a very

important factor in his business."

"What is his business?" "He is a coal

merchant, and is weighed with every

load."

"Do you have chicken in the morn-

ing?" inquired one summer sojourner

who had been dragging of the "table"

of his hotel to the patron of another es-

tablishment. "Chicken in the morn-



